

PERSONAL STRUCTURES
IDENTITIES

In the context of the
Venice Art Biennale 2019

Palazzo Bembo, Palazzo Mora and Giardini Marinaressa

DAVOR LJUBIČIĆ
Rectified Artefacts / Constellations

Palazzo Bembo

Riva del Carbon 4793 / 30124 Venezia / Italia

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Everything I do, all my artwork is undergoing a process. What I do today, what I did in the past – there is no chronological order. What I finish today will be erased, destroyed tomorrow and incorporated in something new – old and new will be interconnected, merged, either gently or powerfully. What has been is equally important as what will be, pre ... and post ...

What is it all about? What am I writing about?

How would it be if I took the words of the last sentence, double each vowel and insert a „p“ in between. And I repeat: Whapat apam lpl wripitiping apabopouput? Would you still be able to figure out the meaning? Maybe a bit of confusion is caused, but it is not impossible to read the sentence. Works of art can also be „read“ (or not), if you really want to read them. Read them in one way or another, either way, in various ways. Want to read them, don't want to read them, can read them, cannot read them.

Dot! Dot! Dot! Dopot, Dopot will become a line, and another line and many lines, lines like sentences. If you can and are willing to read, nothing will remain hidden.

Charcoal is artist's material.

Charcoal is powerful, originating from the depths of the past, leaving a thick, saturating trace. Charcoal is burning, fingers are burning. Charcoal is squealing, crying – crumbling between your fingers. Dusty floor. If I sweep the floor with my broom, dark residues of charcoal gather on the edge of the broom. I don't sweep the coal dust off but form different shapes of it from time to time – one fragile structure after another. But these coal dust appearances are not really entitled to validation and existence, although they seem to beg for it. And sometimes they are lucky and end up on heavy and big paper sheets. I irradiate them with glaring projector light, thus giving them even more vividness, and little coal dust particles are glittering in the light beam as if they were attracted by it.

Charcoal is dusty, powdery. Hair becomes black, face too. In my movements, I seem to resemble a caveman, a cave painter, though with no intent to hunt down an animal, but rather set my inner „demons“ dancing instead.

Charcoal is amazing, it will Food's on the table, I hear Maja calling, please bring your home-baked bread. I do so. The bread has been in the oven for too long and is now charred. I already used a cross for drawing, so why not the charred bread?

But not today.

Today, the extra-virgin olive oil with a bit of salt and Parmesan cheese, and the warm inner part of my charred bread taste too good.









Steve Lythgoe (British)
Untitled (Abstract Composition),
2003, oil on canvas

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